

## "Camouflage"

By Florence Lillian Henderson

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Why don't you try camouflage?" suggested Mort Talcott, and he winked at his companion, Van Dyart.

"Yes, that's the stuff the soldiers use in the trenches to make themselves invisible," suggested the latter. "Hardly that," interpreted Talcott. "It places the user in color harmony with his surroundings, so that he is not always discernible to the casual eye."

Reuben Marsh said nothing, but the suggestion had sunk deep into his mind. He had made a rash confession, little considering that Talcott was in a measure a rival, and that they mistook his ingenious simplicity for stupidity and would rather encourage him to commit a foolish action than otherwise. The present colloquy had come about through Talcott asking: "And what about the little lady, Marsh?" The "little lady" was Winnie Elston, and Reuben shook his head mournfully as he responded blankly:

"I haven't seen her for a week, and it looks as though I won't see her for many a week to come."

"Why, how is that?" probed Talcott. "Her father. He has taken a dislike to me, or thinks I'm not in his class. Of course, he's got lots of money and I very little of it, but I'm steady. I've got a permanent position at a good salary, and of course I like Winnie, and she—well, she seems to enjoy my company."

"Artlessly, because he believed he was with friends, Reuben went on to relate how Mr. Elston had ordered him from the place. Twice Reuben had invaded the grounds after nightfall, to be discovered by the lynx-eyed guardian of Winnie, whom this hard-hearted person apparently was treating as a close captive."

"I saw her seated crying in her room upstairs last night," narrated Reuben pathetically. "If I could have been sure no one was prowling around the garden, I could have whistled a signal she would have understood as coming from me, and maybe in some way she could have got word to me."

Then came the camouflage suggestion, and the group separated. Reu-



Carried a Lantern in One Hand and a Heavy Cane in the Other.

ben had no thought of disguising himself with the much used "invisible" paint. He did some thinking, however, and he acted upon the result of these meditations the following day. He spent about an hour in the rubber goods section of a large department store. It was to select a raincoat and cap of a hue the exact color of grass. Even to the gloves, the green tinge harmonized.

"That fits me out," he said complacently, early in the evening, as he stood before the mirror in his room, fully arrayed in "camouflage" attire. He stole out from the house and crossed back yards, vacant lots and lonely lanes. He arrived at the rear fence of the Elston home without meeting a soul or having been observed.

Reuben reconnoitered the house. His heart thumped hard as he fixed his eyes on a lighted window in the second story of the house. He knew this to be the room that Winnie occupied and he could mentally picture her loneliness and persecution. The window was open, but the shade was drawn, so he had no sight of the lovely occupant of the apartment. He made out Mr. Elston seated at a table in a room in the lower part of the house. "The coast is clear to plant myself," he decided. "The cruel father will make his patrol later. There's a good spot to select," and Reuben scaled the fence and worked his way past patches of shrubbery, until he had reached a spot about twenty feet away from the house and directly in line with the window of Winnie's room.

"There's a convenient trellis," he murmured. "When the coast is clear I will signal Winnie and scale the trellis. Oh, the bliss of watching her tender, wounded heart with the aspect of my love, my life, if need be, to re-

move her from this ogreish cynosure!" There were several patches of greenery, man high, some grass velvet mounds, a rustic bench, some latticed vines. Reuben selected a spot where his head was embraced within a nest of shrubbery and his feet obscured by some creeping vines. For all the world he resembled in similarity and bulk the mounds about him, and made a very harmonious part and parcel of the general environment.

In about an hour Mr. Elston came out of the house. He carried a lantern in one hand and a heavy cane in the other. First he lined the fence all about the place, then he crossed and criss-crossed the garden space. Twice he passed within ten feet of the spot where Reuben lay, but no suspicion of near human proximity seemed to occur to him.

"Safe, so far," breathed Reuben in a vast sigh of relief.

The crisis, however, was not past. As Reuben well knew from former experiences, the old man was due to make a second and later reconnoiter of the premises. He ventured to change his position and even sit up, to relieve the strain of his queer plight. About nine o'clock the inevitable lantern came into new evidence. As before, Mr. Elston made his careful rounds. Then Reuben lay motionless and held his breath, as he caught a sharp ejaculation. There was a crash of glass and the lantern went out. Its owner had tripped on a vine and had smashed it. Grumbling mightily, he came near to the lurker, groping his way, stumbled directly across the "camouflage" intruder and went flat on top of him.

It was natural that Reuben should squirm, and also that he should sense certain discovery if he remained where he was.

"I've got you! Who are you?" shouted out Mr. Elston, but Reuben slipped through his clutching fingers with the dexterity of an eel. He darted from bush to bush, he circled and tumbled, and, nearing the fence, felt his footing give way and out of sight he went, dropped several feet and lay inert and senseless at the bottom of an old, abandoned well only partly filled in.

Reuben must have lain there for more than two hours, for when he recovered consciousness the town clock pealed forth upon the still night air eleven strokes. It took him some moments to get him mind clear enough to comprehend the situation. He had just done so when a shot, clear and distinct, rang out. It was followed by a second. Then two flying forms appeared to be passing the spot, for one human voice piped out, "He's winged me!" "Then drop the stuff," ordered a second voice. "Here, this is good as a hiding place. Don't delay. We must make our get-away at all hazards!"

Something struck Reuben's head with force. As near as he could make it out, it was a small valise. He was for a second time nearly stunned. He rallied speedily enough as a scream rang out, clear and appealing. "Winnie!" he breathed. "She may be in peril."

With a prodigious effort Reuben sprang up until the fingers of both hands clasped the crumbling top of the well. He managed to lift himself clear out of his prison place. The dining room of the house was a blaze of light, at its window, screaming with fright was Winnie, outside, a two-barreled shotgun in his grasp, was her father. Impulsively Reuben ran toward him.

"Hello! Your one of the burglars, eh?" shouted the old man, as Reuben came within the focus of the streaming light.

"I'm not," declared Reuben promptly. "What has happened?"

"Burglars—and the old iron safe rifled—silverware, jewelry and over two thousand dollars in cash!" Mr. Elston groaned frantically.

"Don't worry," answered Reuben. "You hit one of the burglars. As to their plunder, I think I know where it is."

"You do?"

"Yes. Get a lantern and come with me."

The well gave up its treasure. The old man grasped Reuben's hand with sincere gratitude. He could not but invite Reuben into the house. There he and Nellie listened breathlessly to the explanation of his timely appearance on the scene.

"I hear you go regularly up to Elston's," observed Talcott to Reuben, a week later.

"Oh, yes," answered Reuben with a radiant smile.

"How did you come to 'mollify' the old man?"

And Reuben answered with one expressive word:

"Camouflage!"

Identification.

In response to a ring at her door one morning not long ago a Philadelphia woman herself answered the call. She found there a little girl in a state of excitement.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" asked the lady of the house.

"Please, ma'am," answered the child, "our kitty is lost. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Snookums?"—Puck.

Separating Man and Wife.

Murphy—Who was it that came between Kelly and his wife?

Hooley—Well, at the finish it was a policeman.—Judge.

One Chance.

The Girl—My father died and left me little or nothing. What shall I do?

The Friend—You might wear it in a musical comedy.—Judge.

## BIG CORN CROP IS NOW MOVING

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More than 3,000 million bushels—80 bushels for every man, woman and child in America—were raised in 1917. It was a mighty crop. The actual increase is about 500 million bushels. And this extra store of grain is coming on to the market in the nick of time, since the American wheat surplus has been sent to help feed famine threatened Europe.

Just as it happened in the Colonial days, the War of the Revolution, and the Civil War, corn has actually become the nation's mainstay.

In the entire list of America's food commodities there is no item that is better than corn. In puddings, bread, corn pone, and as hominy combined with meat or eggs, corn is without a peer. Housewives are fast learning the large number of delicious dishes that may be made with corn and their families are benefiting by an increased use of the cereal. Corn, more than any other cereal, contains all of the elements essential to maintaining life and health.

In order that the fighting men abroad and in the army camps at home may be fed, and in order that actual famine may be kept from the nations associated with America in the war, the citizens of America are finding corn products delicious and palatable on "wheatless days" and glory in the fact that "wheatless days" here mean more wheat for the war worn allied nations in Europe.

England, France and Italy must be fed from America's great storehouse. They will get some corn—especially Italy—but most of their grain shipments must be wheat. Their ability to use corn is small compared to the facilities they have for using wheat. And it is the opinion of officials in Washington that the present is no time to try and change the eating habits of Europe.

America's greatest use of corn will be in the form of corn bread and corn meal, mixed with wheat in the making of leavened bread.

Mixed with 80 per cent. wheat flour, corn meal can be used in bread making, producing a loaf more nutritious than bread baked with wheat alone. It is a fact corn millers will verify that dozens of the large American bakers have been successfully using a corn flour in bread making for several years.

Hominy grits, served at breakfast with a poached egg, or eaten at any other meal with meats or gravy, is another use of corn that will become unusually popular during the war.

Corn syrup to sweeten corn cakes, and corn oil for use in all kinds of cooking, are two more products that are already welcomed in thousands of American homes.

### THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION SAYS:

Food saving is in its essence the daily individual service of all the people. Every group can substitute, and even the great majority of thrifty people can save a little—and the more luxurious elements of the population can, by reduction to simple living, save much. This means no more than that we should eat plenty, but wisely and without waste.

## Food Will Win the War

A LARGE part of the world is coming to the position that Belgium is in; coming to the stage where the primary and important thing in life is enough food to keep alive. Food has now taken a dominant position in the war. The American people must prepare themselves to sacrifice far more than was at first thought necessary.

The cold facts are: France, Italy and England have just enough food to keep them going ten or twelve weeks. When America's food shipments stop—the allied nations begin consuming into this slender store and begin a swift march into actual famine conditions—which would mean defeat in short order.

Europe then must live on America's surplus. Our saving increases our available stocks just that much and actually feeds some person in the countries with which we are associated in our war against the Central Powers.

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### Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1918.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah A. Evans, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Verner A. L. Evans, praying for the probate of the will of said deceased, now filed in this court.

It is ordered that the 25th day of February, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY, Probate Register.

### Order of Publication.

The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on the 10th day of January, in the year of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Harriett E. Clapp, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary K. Diamond, praying that administration of said estate be granted to said Arthur H. Diamond, of some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to the said day of hearing, in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY, Probate Register.

### Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on the 4th day of January, 1918.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Oscar Bailey, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Miranda Bailey, praying for the probate of the will of said deceased now filed in this court.

It is ordered that the 4th day of February, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY, Probate Register.

### Order For Appearance.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

At a session of said Court held in the court house in the City of Corunna, Michigan, on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1917.

Present, Hon. Selden S. Miner Circuit Judge.

Mary M. Smith, Plaintiff.

vs. Matthew Smith, Defendant.

In this case, it appearing by affidavit on file, that the defendant, Matthew Smith, is not a resident of this State and that it can not now be ascertained in what State or country he now resides:

On motion of W. A. Seemiller, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the said defendant, Matthew Smith, be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order; and that in case of his appearance he cause his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof served on the attorney for the plaintiff within fifteen days after the service on him or his attorney of a copy of said bill, and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed against said defendant.

And it is further ordered, that said plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served on the said defendant at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his appearance.

SELDEN S. MINER, Circuit Judge.

Examined, countersigned and entered by me: ALBERT L. NICHOLS, County Clerk.

Attorney for Plaintiff: W. A. SEEMILLER, Owosso, Michigan.

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### Commissioners' Notice.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

In the matter of the estate of Susan S. Hall, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Owosso Savings Bank in the City of Owosso, in said County, on Saturday, the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1918 and on Tuesday, the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each said day, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that four months from the 1st day of December, A. D. 1917, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated, the 1st day of December, A. D. 1917.

GUSTAV F. FRIGEL, WORTHY S. COOPER, Commissioners.

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### Order of Publication.

The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna on the seventeenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Arville M. R. O. deceased.

Gustav F. Frigel, the Administrator of said estate, having rendered a final account to this court.

It is ordered that the 15th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for a final account and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY, Probate Register.

### Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna on the seventeenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Math w Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Edward J. Russell, deceased.

Gustav F. Frigel, the Administrator of said estate, having rendered a final account to this court.

It is ordered, that the 15th day of February next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.